

Read Good bye You Never Love Me chapter 2 online free

When Martha woke up, it was the next morning. No one else was in the room. Staring at the bruises on her arms in a daze, Martha couldn't help sobbing. She didn't know if he had made the marks or if they were symptoms of blood cancer. But she knew she was in pain, both physically and mentally.

'Stefan, you don't love me. Why don't you just let me go?'

Suddenly, the ringing tone of her phone brought her back to reality.

Though exhausted, Martha braced herself, reached for the phone, and pressed the answer button.

Bianca, a maid who had served the Doyle family for many years, said anxiously, "Lady Martha, something has happened. Hurry! Come back, please."

[The Doyle Manor]

When she arrived, Martha saw a doctor walking out of her father's room. She strode to him, grabbed his arm tightly, and asked, "How's my father, Doc?"

"Mr. Doyle had a mild stroke. He can't take emotional blows anymore."

Then he updated Martha on Maxwell Doyle's detailed condition. For the time being, Maxwell was not allowed to get off the bed and had to be watched 24 hours a day.

After walking the doctor out, Martha stood outside the room and saw Bianca taking care of Maxwell at his bedside.

Bianca worked for over twenty years at Doyle Manor, and everyone in the house respected her. After Martha's mother passed away, Bianca treated Martha as her own daughter, loving and caring for her.

Martha had also considered Bianca one of her family. They were close.

"What happened on earth, Bianca?" Martha asked.

"Mr. Doyle has had failures in his investment recently, and the company suffered big losses. In the morning, he received news that several financing shareholders had withdrawn their investments. Mr. Doyle was so angry that he fainted."

Bianca looked up at Martha while telling her what happened. Seeing Martha had lost a lot of weight, she felt sorry.

Martha walked to the bed, seeing her father gradually wake up. She felt guilty. When Maxwell saw her, he suddenly gripped her arms with trembling hands.

"Martha, you must... help me keep the company. It's my whole life's work."

He looked at Martha with imploring eyes.

Martha had never seen him like this before. It seemed that this crisis was really serious, but how could she help?

Maxwell tightened his grip on her hand. “Martha, go beg Stefan. If he’s willing to invest in the Doyle Group, our company’s crisis will soon be resolved.” Maxwell wouldn’t have asked his daughter to do so if he had had other options.

The Doyle and the Harrison families were close for many years. They worked together all the time for their family businesses. However, after Martha married Stefan three years ago, Harrison Group cancelled all cooperation projects with Doyle Group.

For the past three years, the Harrisons and the Doyles were connected through business marriage. The Harrison Group repeatedly suppressed the Doyle Group in secret. Stefan was decisive and heartless in putting Doyle Group in crisis over and over again.

Martha knew Stefan wouldn’t help her. However, seeing the imploring look in her father’s eyes and recalling the doctor’s reminder, she cast down her eyes slightly and nodded in agreement. “I’ll do my best, Dad.”

Hearing this, Maxwell breathed a sigh of relief.

After giving him more reminders, Martha left the house.

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Martha left Doyle Manor, looking troubled and pale. She clenched her fists tightly, her fingernails digging into the flesh of her palms.

She wondered if Stefan would agree if she begged him for help.

Anyway, she decided to give it a try.

On her way to the Harrison Group, Martha received a call from Hollie.

Martha wasn’t surprised.

“Let’s meet, Martha. Now,” Hollie said arrogantly.

Martha was used to his arrogant tone, so she said very calmly, “Dad is sick. You should pay him a visit.”

Hollie was the daughter of the Doyle family. Even if she disowned her family and her father, she was related to her family by blood.

But that sounded like a joke to Hollie, who snickered and asked, “Why should I care if that old jerk is alive or dead?”

Martha closed her eyes tightly. Sure enough, Hollie hadn’t changed, just like the stubborn, heartless woman before.

After knowing his attitude, Martha did not want to waste her words and was about to hang up the phone when Hollie’s voice came once again. “I’ll wait for you at the cafe in the City East. If you don’t come, I’ll kill myself.”

Like before, whenever something happened to Hollie, Martha was always the one that received the punishment.

Martha bit her lip tightly as she hated it the most when Hollie threatened her.

However, the Doyle Group faced a severe crisis. She was afraid Stefan would never offer her a helping hand if she angered Hollie.

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At the cafe.

Martha saw the woman sitting by the window as soon as she arrived. Hollie was wearing perfect makeup and a black V-neck blouse, looking enchanted, unlike the fragile pale look she faked in the hospital that day. In other words, she was unlike a patient who had terminal cancer.

A disdainful smile touched her lips when she saw Martha.

“Martha, you look so bad. You ask for it, as you steal my man.”

‘Steal her man?’

Ignoring her mockery, Martha sat opposite and said coldly, “Stop beating around the bush, I don’t have time to waste on you.”

“Martha, I want you to donate bone marrow to me.”

After going straight to the point, Hollie picked up her coffee on the table and took a sip, with an unconcealed mocking sneer at the corner of her mouth.

Staring at the woman across from her without blinking, Martha could tell Hollie did not have terminal cancer.

“You are not sick, are you?”

Martha didn’t believe in such coincidences.

The smile on Hollie’s lips grew wider. She didn’t answer, looking calm.

Hollie’s reaction made Martha confirm her guess.

“You always play such a dirty trick. You’ve done it before, and now you are doing it again.”

Things like this had happened a lot before.

When Hollie was six, Maxwell brought her back to the Doyle family. At that time, Martha’s mother was still alive. She loved Maxwell so deeply that she accepted Hollie, her husband’s illegitimate daughter.

For the following decade, Hollie always pretended to be weak, innocent, and pitiful. Martha was sincerely nice to her, but what did she get in return?

Thinking of the past, Martha felt it ridiculous.

Hollie paused, staring at Martha’s daggers.

“Whether I’m sick or not, you owe me.”

“I owe you? You disappeared three years ago.”

Her words made Hollie’s indifferent face become indignant. “If it weren’t for that old bastard who preferred you over me, I would have become Stefan’s wife,” she exclaimed emotionally.

Martha didn’t want to listen to her anymore. She stood up and was about to leave.

As she took a step forward, Hollie’s voice rang out, “Martha, Stefan loves me. It’s not my fault. You should blame yourself for being unable to win his heart.”

Her mockery caused a sharp pang in Martha’s heart.

Ability was not related to a love relationship.

Martha and Stefan have known each other since childhood. The Harrison and the Doyle families had a long friendship. When Martha was young, she took Stefan for an elder brother and had a crush on him. At that time, he treated her well.

After Hollie came, Stefan gradually cared more about Hollie and ignored Martha. He even tried to distance himself from her.

Martha didn't know why things had gone this way. However, she must admit that Hollie defeated her in gaining Stefan's heart.

However, she had never owed Hollie anything.

Seeing Martha fail to keep calm any longer, Hollie became smugger.

Pretending to be shy, she lowered her head and said softly, "Since I came back to town, Stefan has been gentle to me every night, afraid of hurting me..."

Martha's eyes became harsh. She couldn't contain her anger any longer, so she turned around, picked up the coffee cup on the table, and threw it at Hollie's face.

Hollie was off guard, the coffee dripping down her hair and face.

Looking down at Hollie, Martha said firmly, "As long as I'm still his wife, you are only his mistress."

Stefan had a lot of mistresses over the years. Hollie was just one of them.

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After leaving the cafe, Martha slightly loosened her fists. Her fingernails had dug into her flesh, but the pain couldn't be comparable to her heartache.

Earlier, she planned to see Stefan and beg him to help her father. However, she changed her mind. She didn't want to see him at all.

Martha sucked in her breath, hailed a taxi, and headed for a bar.

Her only good friend, Melissa Gray, was selling alcohol in the bar. After talking to Melissa about what had just happened, Martha looked more frustrated.

Melissa clapped. "Good job, Martha! I'm with you!"

A bitter smile appeared on Martha's lips, her eyes dim. She said quietly, "Stefan and I will divorce sooner or later."

"Why will you divorce to give that woman a chance? If I were you, I would never divorce them. They'd be so pissed."

Melissa was furious, feeling sorry for her best friend.

Martha hid the sorrow in her eyes, shook her head, and chuckled before saying hoarsely, "But I don't have time to do so..."